

1st (A)
P O E M

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CONDOLANCE

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On the Loss of
Upon the Loss of

Sir Cloudesley Shovel,

Vice-Admiral of Great Britain:

Who (with his Crew) perish'd by Storm, in the *Association*
Man of War, October, 1707.

Humbly Inscribed to the Officers of Her Majesty's Navy.

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(A)

POEM
OF
POEM
CONDOLENCE

Upon the Loss of

Sir CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, &c.

Dilate your Breasts, *Brave Souls*, and scorn to weep,
Since SHOVEL, Valiant SHOVEL's buried in the Deep.

What tho' *His Fate* was sudden, unforeseen,

And kill'd the *Greatest Subject* of the *Greatest Queen*?
Fate strikes the stoutest *He*; and sure a Wave

Was the most proper for an *Admiral's* Grave.

The Sea, on which so oft *He'd* fought before,

So oft had *Brave* dy'd in *Gallie* Gore,

On the same Sea, *He* gave *His* Labours o'er.

What tho' *He* fell not in more Noble Fight,

But sunk in th' fatal Darkness of a Stormy Night?

The

The *Gods* decreed it, and 'twas kindly done,
To let so *Great* an *Hero* live so long.

A *Hero* so Sublime! — Whose mighty *Mind*

Was, like His Valour, to the *Gods* resign'd!

A *Mind*, amidst the Thickest Dangers clear,

Nor once attempted by a Casual Fear,

Tho' greedy Death did on each Side appear!

Lov'd by the *Tars*, by th' *Officers* ador'd,

A *Mars* ashore, A *Neptune* when aboard!

Oh! [since *He* was as stout, as strong, as *He*,]

H' had Equal been in *Immortality*!

Forgive the Wish, *Blest Saint*! my *Country's Love*

Makes me wish *That* below, which *You* enjoy *Above*.

Above! where no rude Blasts, nor Tempests blow;

Nor any of the Dangers, or Alarms below!

Above! where all your Trusty *Guards* you view,

In *Heav'n*, as when *Aboard*, your Joyful *Crew*!

Free'd from their Lovely Toils, they hither come,

And now conduct *You*, to Your Glorious Home.

With *Thee*, the *Narb'roughs* shine supremely Bright,

And add new Lustre to the *Realms* of Light!

Exempt from Care, for ever Gay and Young,

They Smile, and Triumph mid't the Heavenly Throng!

What

What tho' the *Fates* snap'd off the Half-spun Loom,
 And out of Order sign'd th' untimely Doom?
 He never dies in a too early Age,
 That like a *Man*, steps fearless off the Stage.
 Nay, what true *Sailor* would not choose to Dië.
 With such *Seraphick*, Noble *Company*?
 Where Mighty *SHOVEL* swallow'd down his Death,
 And with a dauntless Gasp o'erflow'd his Breath.

Great Man!

O may your Praise b' as lasting as your Soul,
 Fly round the *Globe*, and sound from Pole to Pole!
 May *Envy*'s self not dare It to defame;
 Nor shed its *Venom* on so pure a *Name*!
 May each *Commander* to your *Height* aspire,
 And your past *Acts* add Fuel to his Fire!
 May *ANNE* be blest with many such as *You*,
 As *Stout* and *Wise*, as *Resolute* and *True*.
 Then shall Proud *France* be humbled, whilst the *Main*
 Enjoys its Lawful *Monarch* once again,
 And happy *Vict'ry* Crowns each *Sea-Campaign*.

FINIS.

What